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THE "DEESTRICK SKULE."

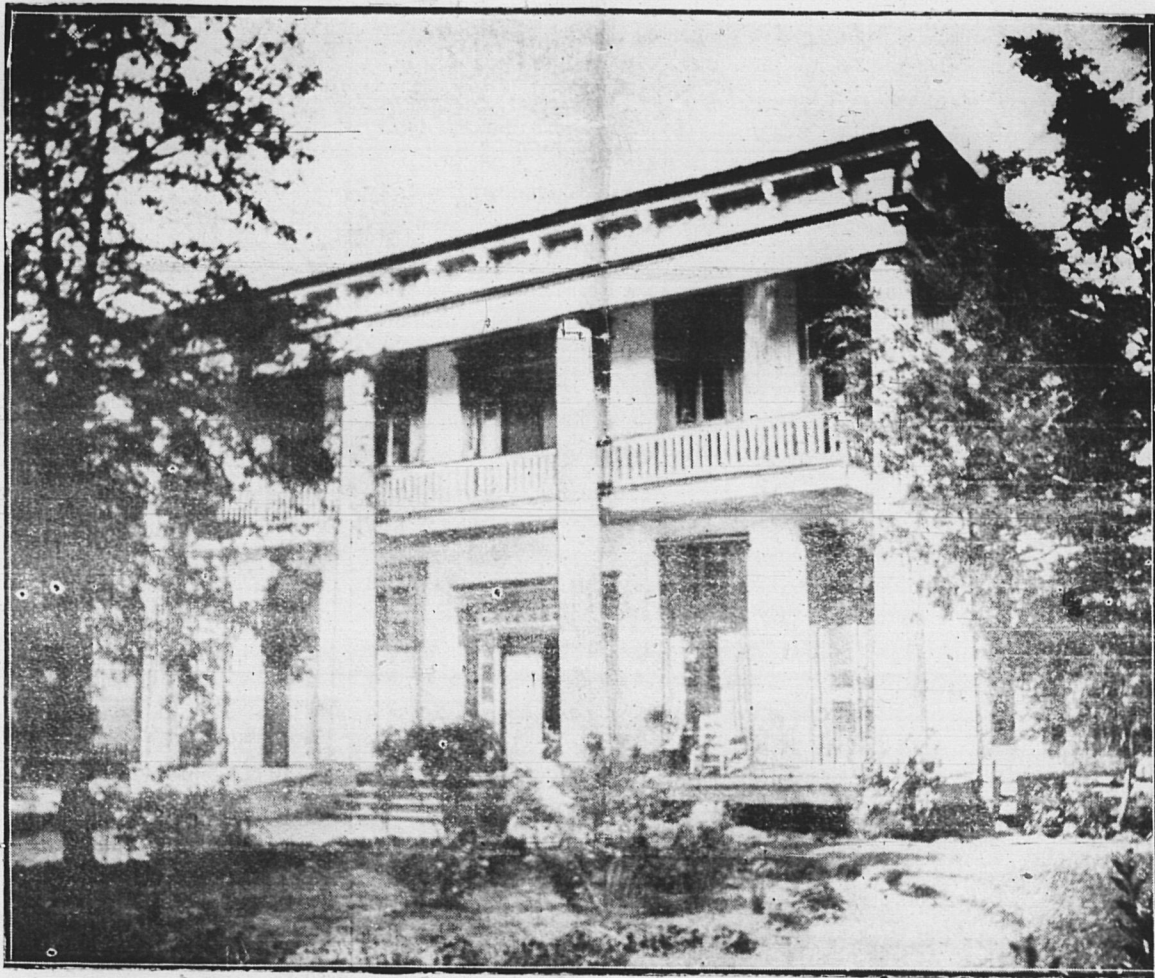
Under the direction of Miss Bataille, of Nashville, Tenn., the "Deestrick Skule" was given in the school auditorium Saturday night, March 26th; and was a success from start to finish, or as *Sis* might say: "*me en Buddie kivered ourselfs wit glory, en it tuk er heap uz it ter kixer Buddie tea.*" You cannot hold local talent down; if you think you can you didn't see certain wise old gentlemen with their pants rolled up playing marbles. You didn't see certain others of equally staid reputations humiliated by a thrashing from "teecher." In other words you didn't see the very best show of the season, or of many seasons—a side-splitter and a jaw-splitter combined in one. There were about forty scholars, from the *little gals* to the *big boys*; they were all so very youthful in appearance that it seemed a pity to send children to school so early. There was especially little "Phil;" such a child should never have been sent to school till he was older.

In the first scene, when the children were on their way to school, "Bennie" couldn't keep up in a game of marbles because his legs were too short; the situation was relieved by "Buddie's" big sister bringing him that way. "Buddie" had such a fine, treble voice you could hardly hear him—still he always did pretty well at school.

When all the children were gathered in the school-room and "Jimmie" came in late, he didn't seem inclined to talk about a fight which he had just had with another boy. To every question the teacher asked concerning the difficulty "Jimmie" replied: "Ma says she sent you some e-g-g-s,"—prolonging the eggs till they had time to hatch in his endeavor to avoid a rather disagreeable subject. "George's" predilection for profuse spitting in many directions—especially "Moike's"—was the cause of a rough-and-tumble fight between the two young gentlemen in question—producing one of the most vivid scenes in the "skule." The teacher took a hand in the affair though, and finally succeeded in cooling by a certain process of external heating the impetuous young bloods.

The class in spelling was well done, and mistakes of some of the best scholars were very ludicrous—also Mrs. Honey-suckle's visit.

Altogether for amateurs there are no better "deestrick skule" scholars in the U. S. than Auburn's. For some reason or other to look gawky, to talk back to "teecher," and to make a thousand and one mistakes seemed to come natural to the



The above is a photograph of Auburn's Old Hotel. It is a type of the old ante-bellum house fast becoming extinct in the South. Those remaining few of which it is a fairly good representative are preserved by their owners for the sake of a time that was dear if not over-wise—for the sake of a South that loved its big white houses.

With its large columns it certainly recalls memories of the old regime to those who can remember when there were thousands of such houses—everyone the center of a plantation, a little kingdom shut off to itself with its own lord to proudly boast that all he could see was his own. Of course there was always a queen of this miniature kingdom; perhaps she was the "ol' mistiss"—perhaps she was the young whom the young lord's rode over to see from adjoining estates. At any rate she was fair to the men of the South whether the wrinkles had replaced the dimples or the laughing light of a maiden's eyes had given way to the subdued tenderness of mother-hood.

To the present generation that thing of most significance connected with the Old Hotel is the sound of the dinner bell. The charm of the past for which the Old Hotel stands—the style of architecture, the sentimentality attached to everything that remains of the old South—are all lost now-a-days in the inglorious excitement that is stirred by the coming of one more meal. It is usually at the Old Hotel that the visitor to Auburn stops; it is here that he gets his first impression of our little town—a somewhat tough impression if her beef is as they say it is.

But notwithstanding the purpose of the Old Hotel and its associations that savor a little of the culinary department, it is one of Auburn's old land-marks—the only one perhaps that is strictly within her hear, disconnected from the college. An adequate sketch of Auburn should embrace something of her past history,—the lives and homes of her citizens when she was something of a social and political center; but we have had very poor facilities for procuring the data for such a history, and the best we can do is to give a glimpse of the past in a photograph of the present.

Down Gay Street.

*They were coming down the street alone—
They were coming, softly humming,
Humming in a low and gentle drone.
They were humming, slowly coming.*

*"Loveliest village of the plain," she said—
"Auburn, have you never heard of her?
Fairest of a kingdom's fair, I've read,
Auburn, have you never heard of her?"*

*"Loveliest maiden of that lovely village,
Fairer than the fairest of the fair,
Sweeter than the sweetest land in tillage,"
Thus he answered, "I've been there."*

*"No, perhaps you do not understand,"
She replied with pitying look.
"Twas the Auburn of another land,
From a poem in Goldsmith's book."*

*"Were there any maidens over there?
Were there any youths to love them?
Were there any eyes so blue and rare
That the skies were shamed above them?"*

*"Yes, I think perchance there were a few,
Till the village went to ruin—
Ah me, nothing was then left to do,
For there was nothing left to do in."*

*"Did a youth e'er take a maiden's hand
In both his hands—like this—
In the times before the ruined land,
Just clasp her hands—like this?"*

*"Did a youth e'er draw a maid to him,
Did he press her lips—like this?
Yes—and did he tilt the love-red brim,
Kissing her again—like this?"*

*"Well, I do not know—'twas long ago,"
She sweetly answered shyly:
"Still all Auburns are the same, you know,"
She said a little dryly.*

*They were coming down the street alone—
They were coming, softly humming,
Humming in a low and gentle drone.
They were humming, slowly coming.*

MR. BASMAJIAN'S LECTURE.

Those who attended the Armenian's entertainment Friday night were given a laughing feast well worth the price; it was a free lunch, but there were a variety of oriental dishes served in picturesque courses. Whether intentional or not Mr. Basmajian's style was very humorous; and his occasional *lapses* into a high feminine key, together with his oriental gesticulation in moments of excitement, was very amusing. He is certainly in a position to appreciate the difficulty which the foreigner labors under in learning the English language; and his bits of humor in taking off the idioms of our language seemed all the more realistic because he felt the full truth of what he was saying.

Mr. Basmajian interspersed his lecture with Turkish and Armenian poems and songs. Some of these were very weird, and in their rise and fall seemed like the very chanting heart-beat of Mohammedanism. When he read of the patriots of his country then Mr. Basmajian showed that he was still an Armenian—that notwithstanding the great America his heart still thrilled for his little country across three seas, and a tremulous smile for all she has done and left undone showed that he was still hers.

From an economic stand-point Mr. Basmajian gave some rather interesting facts. He says that there is not a mile of railway in Armenia, and that the transportation facilities in Turkey itself are so very poor that if you are a first-rate walker it is best to go by foot. In a comparison of the United States and Turkey he said that the Turkish people were very poor and the Turkish Sultan very rich—his salary is something like \$10,000,000 per annum—whereas the people of the United States are very rich and its president poor. In other words, the Turkish people are paupers that the Sultan may live in luxury and keep several hundred wives in nearly as many palaces. His description of Constantinople—its priests of Allah crying from their high temples all day long that Allah is the only god and Mohammed the only saviour—was a vivid one, and was flavored with that vivacity which is thought to chiefly characterize the French.

Another part of the program which was hardly expected was the transformation of several members of the audience into Turks and Armenians, or rather they were clothed in the habiliments of the Eastern civilization—red-capped "gentlemen" and veiled "ladies." To illustrate the oriental marriage ceremony Mr. Basmajian took two very

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Contributions for ORANGE AND BLUE will always be sincerely appreciated, and should be in the hands of the Editors not later than Saturday before week of issue.

A Word With You.

One day a friend said of the Orange and Blue—criticising not so much the present management as some of our predecessors—that you usually find foot-ball on the first page, base ball on the next, foot-ball again on the third, and on the last a summary of what is on the other three pages. In other words, that the official organ of the student body of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute has been, and is to a certain extent now, subject to the strong right hand of athletics. He hit the nail on the head, but he failed to appreciate the fact that the nail was made of steel; that, though it pliantly yielded to the hammer it was none the less a force in itself. It is a sad condition of later-day journalism that you have to cater to the appetites of the people—that is, to be popular, to be a success. Whether this appetite was created by the papers themselves is not the question: it is there in the palates of the people, no matter how it got there. With the masses this appetite takes the form of craving for things sensational—for cartoons, caricatures, and writings that are easily understood and as easily forgotten in the glare of something a little more startling. The "quiet life" has passed, and you have to keep on the jump or you will get an electric shock from the dynamo of modern energy. So it is with the majority of our college students, for they have in them the making of the men who are soon to hold the reins across the dash-board of the twentieth century. They will pass in disdain a story, much less an editorial, for the roughest account of the sprint one of their fellows has made in foot-ball or base-ball—for the remotest resemblance in a picture, either pen or photograph, to some one they know. It is a sad state; but it is nevertheless the truth.

We have been sensational at times—we have catered to this appetite till the remembrances of its feeding pulls on us like a sick stomach.

But we have never forgotten that we once had an ideal, and that its limits were set within the purely literary. The purpose of college journalism is primarily to foster college institutions, movements, and college spirit; and in doing this it may appear very restricted in its scope as compared with the larger activity of a larger world. To the college magazine perhaps more exclusively belongs the literary output of the students; but Auburn has no magazine and manifestly this paper must do its best to fill the vacuum. So far we have tried to do this, but our efforts seem to have been characterized by flashes of hot air that if possible left the vacuum more void than ever; still we have come out of our corner for another round—clear the ring and get the fight ready.

Auburn.

Auburn is a pretty little place, and dear—much dearer when the years have dropped the sweetness of their memories in the loving cup. It is very strange that it should be so, and yet it is so; that the little place is not nearly so attractive to the stranger as to those who know it well, know its every turn and corner. Perhaps those who know it so well are a little prejudiced in its favor: perhaps associations have dimmed its faults and made its charm stand out in bas-relief against love's frescoed wall. Perhaps, and yet we are sure it is so.

Of course the first thing the stranger sees when he shakes the dust of travel from his loins and steps on Auburn ground is her depot—grand, majestic, not quite as imposing as the Grand Central of New York, but still not to be overlooked by tourists with an eye to architectural beauty. That is, he will see it if he is not blind, near-sighted, or one of those hasty youths who are so anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of the college officials that they do not tarry long in the vicinity of the depot. The most important article around the Auburn depot is, its time table; it will tell you within at least twenty-four hours the correct time of any train's arrival. If you are due to leave Auburn at four o'clock in the afternoon, go home and get a good night's rest—the train will probably happen along early the next morning. But withal, Auburn's depot is a subject to be treated with respect: it aids in the transportation of those who have their fill of the Pyrian spring, and wish to get away from its troubled waters: in its palatial waiting rooms the seeker after knowledge first realizes how very far he is away from home, and begins a calculation as to how long it will be before his cranium is sufficiently stuffed to secure a receipt for its filling in and a return ticket home.

The first street to the right as you face towards the south from the depot is Gay street—the Fifth Avenue, the Parisian boulevard of Auburn. Here throng the elite, the 400 of Auburn: here floats the cream of Auburn society, if you will—cream from the purest milk that ever graced the churn of a state—cream so rich that all the crows have claimed it for their own and loved for sheer pride at what might have been.

The next thoroughfare in dignity of length and importance is Magnolia street. Sometimes the cream of society runs over into this street: then you see the little butter bubbles join the little milk bubbles at the junction of Gay and Magnolia, and they go hand in hand down one or the other street. Literally the most depressive sight on this street from a stand on the top of the hill is O'Hara's bottom; and perhaps the most impressive is the Methodist church: one is for the decline of sinners just at the bridge, the other is for their elevation.

The next street parallel to Gay street looking west is College street. A group of buildings that front it give the street its name, and the greater part of its distinction. Without those buildings there would be a slump in the brain market: wisdom would depreciate in value to less than par, and knowledge could be bought for less than a rag-time jingle.

In one of these buildings, the main building, young ideas are taught how to shoot; and you have to be very careful to dodge the arrows. These arrows are not pointed—in truth they are very dull—nor are they poisonous; but they are more deadly than any ever projected from a red man's bow. In another one of these buildings, Langdon Hall, young gentlemen, who seem to have a prevalent attack of palsy in the knees, produce flights of oratory that are so very *flighty* that they have never been seen any more, but have been known to move the clouds to tears and the moon to smiles of full-faced joy.

As you go southward down College street you must hold your breath and tread lightly for you are approaching something sacred. If you feel a peculiar sensation as if the flush of intellectuality were spreading over your brow, do not attribute it to drops of cold perspiration: you are within the inspiring precincts of Faculty Ave. It is called, not because it contains the whole bunch, but because a good many of the noble breed of cattle are there. If you don't think that they are all they should be—that they are the pride and choice of the herd—there is but one politic course for you to take—keep quiet about what you think, or if you feel inclined to loosen up your talking apparatus, go down to the swamps and talk to the alligators. But altogether Faculty Ave. is a very nice street even if there are a few residences on it occupied by gentlemen whom we must say we love, and say it so that the stars can hear it; for the gods can be offended.

Perhaps the fastest part of Auburn is its bicycle path—a little winding path that goes out four or five miles from town, maintained for the pleasure of those who have wheels—not in the head, for those are rather slow for the purpose. There is a club-house at the end of the path; and those of the greater and lesser lights socially inclined often hold midnight soirees "for the stomach's sake" and are brought home by their less jovial companions for the sake of legs that fail to perform their requisite functions.

If Auburn is not the "loveliest village of the plain" it is certainly the prettiest little place between the Alabama hills. Had Goldsmith's Auburn been of our own time, when it decayed and went to ruin, its villagers might have crossed the big pond and settled in our own village with full content and continuation of their once happy state. DeSoto, in his search for the fountain of youth, might well have stopped a while here in Auburn and gathered a few roses for his cheeks from the garden of health that is back of our little kingdom here. With our southern spring to put a touch of laziness in his bones he would have felt like a boy again—or at least like the boys of Auburn feel. Then too, instead of making that long journey to the Mississippi he could have taken a fast-flyer for Opelika and brought back some of the elixir of youth in a shoe box.

Finally, Auburn, contrary to most small towns, is situated on both sides of the rail-road track. Anyone who has just a little perception can see from a car window that there is something here, or at least that there once was or soon will be. If he does not see anything the first time, he can try again: there is nothing like perseverance in the matter of vision. An air of progress pervades the locality—such progress as a balking mule makes that thinks he is in duty bound to rest awhile. Auburn is a very quiet place except on special occasions when certain substances of unknown composition collide with certain foreign substances and the collision comes off to the satisfaction of the home aggregate. Then the pot of good cheer boils over, and usually spills hot water on someone. But above all Auburn is dear to her lovers: like a modest maiden she is reticent and may not impress strangers—but those who have long followed the silent ways of her eyes, the blue high-ways with their soft maze of dew in the mornings—those who have danced down the red lares of her lips and sipped the sweets by the way—they know, you know.

Your Honor Again.

The Honor System has been adopted by the two highest classes of this college, the Senior and the Junior. There has been a good deal of talk about the cheating under the System in one of these classes. Of course there is nothing definite about the rumor—nothing more definite than can falsely center around the best of men—and we hope that it is not so. But to allay all qualms of the Faculty as to the failure of the Honor System they should be allowed to examine the respective systems of the two classes. This cannot possibly hurt the innocent and will only be a preventive to those evilly inclined.

With such reports as have been circulated in regard to the state of affairs in one of these classes the Faculty is no doubt placed in an embarrassing position. They probably have only the very best wishes for the success of the Honor System, or the control by the students of their own honor; and have done much for its promotion. But in case the Honor System should happen to fail in several instances the Faculty has no direct means of securing proof of its failure; they can only be partly cognizant that something is not exactly as it should be.

Now, since the Faculty is thus placed in this position by certain reports—desiring as they do to uphold the Honor System, but not to uphold it as a failure—the students themselves of the two classes should want the Faculty to examine the operations of their respective systems whenever and wherever the Faculty pleased to do so—and should send in a petition to that effect. The students would still retain all the honor embodied in their systems, if there was any: the only difference would be that the Faculty would have the right, or rather the privilege, to apprehend those who violated either one of the two Systems. No one could object to this: it would not be infringing on the rights of anyone who is perfectly straight. It would only be a stringent law for the criminals: for all others it would be a protection.

This is the alternative. The truth of the matter is that the students should be strong enough in the right to enforce their systems themselves. But from the rumors—perhaps they are untrue—they have not done this heretofore. It is no doubt very hard for a student to report a fellow student for cheating, even after he has given his word of honor to do so: it would take more will power than one man out of a hundred has, realizing as he does his own weakness when it comes to lifting the moral weight. But, if a class feels that it hasn't the will power to sustain its system by an enforcement of its principle, it should submit its system to an examination by the Faculty for a knocking out of the weak spots. It is suggested that both the Senior and Junior classes do this: there may be no cheating in either one of them, or possibly in only one of them, but it will be an assurance to the Faculty that those who are honest do not care if they are watched—those who are dishonest should be watched whether they care or not.

An Auburn Man in the "Review of Reviews."

In the April number of the "Review of Reviews" there is an article of some length on "The Yellow Pine Industry in the South" by Watson Davis. It is rather a *wooden* subject that Mr.

Davis discusses; but its merit has been tested by Mr. Albert Shaw, the Editor of the "Review of Reviews," and it must certainly ring true to have passed under that critic's judgment. If we may give our own opinion of the piece after Mr. Shaw's acceptance: it is very forceful, and for such a dry subject, comparatively, the color displayed is admirable. It is very hard to treat facts, such as Mr. Davis gives, in such an interesting style as to lend a general interest to a subject that is supposed to be rather restrictive. But he has made a readable article for the public as well as a specifically instructive one for those especially concerned in the timber business.

The availability of Mr. Davis' article for publication in the "Review of Reviews" preeminently shows what work will do. Accompanying his article are several photographic views. To secure these he had to scour the southern part of Alabama and make several trips to Pensacola. The appearance of an article is greatly enhanced by good views; and Mr. Davis was determined to get these. Besides this he had to write all over the United States for the data which he used; and was discouraged many times in what seemed a futile search. He was told by several experts on the timber industry that his subject was very nearly impossible to work up; but that made him all the more anxious to pull the job through.

Mr. Davis was several months in the preparation of this article, working and re-working it till it covered the subject as fully, but as concisely, as possible. Still those who have signed up to such articles in previous numbers of the "Review of Reviews" have been professors in the big northern colleges; one writing an article only a month or so ago on the timber industry was a professor in Cornell. Mr. Davis is still a student of this college, and to be so early established as an authority on the timber interests in the South means a great deal. It simply illustrates what one can do with a subject that he knows something about. Mr. Davis was raised in the very heart of the pines with the smell of tar to make him step lively; he has seen the men rolling logs all his life, and so knows whereof he speaks, or thereabouts.

Dr. George Petrie keeps a close watch on the current magazines, especially the timeliness of the subjects discussed. His motto is: "Seize the moment of excited curiosity," and if you can't apply it to yourself apply it to others—in other words, keep tab on the popular demand. At the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan he suggested to the students of the historical department a subject which would be both timely and important from a historical standpoint; and certainly acceptable to any first-class publication if properly worked up—something on the relations between the United States and Japan brought about by Lieut. Peary's trip to Japan. Mr. Davis undertook the work, and under the supervision of Dr. Petrie prepared a very creditable article which was submitted to The Cosmopolitan and promptly accepted. This is a good illustration of what work will do together with a certain amount of judgment in the selection of a subject that will be of popular interest—something that will demand attention from its very connection with a people, who have rather precipitately forced themselves in the world's eye.

LOCALS

Mr. Weatherford, the Interstate Y. M. C. A. secretary, spent two days in Auburn a short while ago. Besides his talks with the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Weatherford made a talk at chapel exercises in Langdon Hall which was very much enjoyed by the student body. Mr. Weatherford seems to be the right man for the place, and we trust his visit was productive of much good.

Rev. Dr. Rice, of Montgomery, preached in Auburn Sunday, and made a short talk at chapel exercises Monday which was highly appreciated by the students.

The civil engineering classes spent a week near Columbus, Ga.—returning Saturday. It is not known exactly how much they were paid for the work they did while away; but we are sure they gained a great deal of practical experience even if they were not paid very much for their services.

"Red" McEldery has resigned his office in the Corps and H. R. Luscher has been made captain of Co. C.

AUBURN VS. THE BIRMINGHAM PROFESSIONALS.

In a game with the Birmingham League April the 2nd the Auburn boys held the Birmingham men down to the score of 4 to 1—which was an excellent showing for the Auburn boys considering the old material they went up against. The Auburn men showed plenty of head-work, and played all over the field like professionals. They were a little weak with the stick; but when it came to picking the ball up and putting it in the right place they were right there with the goods—base-ball goods, by the way. When it was first learned what a fine showing the boys made against the Birmingham professionals, it was thought the Birmingham men must have held in a little—just to please our boys and Coach Vaughn. But those who saw the game say that Birmingham played for all she was worth—and you know she's worth a good deal—and her errorless playing clearly indicates that she was not the least backward in doing her best.

BASKET-BALL.

JUNIORS VS. SOPHOMORES.
The Juniors defeated the Sophomores in a hotly contested game of basket-ball Saturday, Apr. 9th, by the score of 31 to 9. This was the second of the series of class games; and there is a good deal of rivalry in the gym crowd as to which class will turn out the champion basket-ball team.

BY HARD LUCK AUBURN LOSES FIRST GAME TO MERCER.

In an errorless game marked throughout by excellent playing, Auburn was defeated Saturday by Mercer by a score of 3 to 1.

The fielding of both teams was of a kind one seldom sees in professional ball games and almost never in college games.

The game was a pitchers' battle from the first man up until the last runner had failed to score. Weems pitched for Auburn and yielded up only two hits, while seven of the prospective preachers collapsed before his powerful delivery. Manyard was on the slot for Mercer and while he succeeded in striking out eleven men, he also gave up seven hits.

Our failure to win was due to the fact that we could not bunch our hits.

The feature of the game was a long drive by McEniry, for three sacks, in the ninth, and for a few moments it seemed that we had things our way, but Manyard settled down and we could do nothing.

The playing of Mitchell, Hall and McEniry was especially good, Mitchell getting four hits out of four times up and McEniry getting two, one of which was a three base hit.

For Mercer Stakely, Stovall and McGinty played good ball. The official score:

MERCER—

	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Stakely, 2b....	4	0	0	2	2	0
Stovall, c.....	4	0	0	11	0	0
Mundy, 1b....	4	0	0	12	0	0
Manyard, p....	2	0	0	0	4	0
Conner, 3b....	2	1	1	0	0	0
Gates, lf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Rogers, cf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
McGinty, ss....	3	1	0	1	2	0
Quarles, lf....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Totals.....	28	3	2	27	8	0

AUBURN—

	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Hali, 2b.....	5	0	1	3	2	0
McEniry, ss....	4	0	2	0	2	0
Hurt, 3b.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Mitchell, 1b....	4	0	4	10	0	0
Steele, rf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Weems, p.....	3	0	0	0	2	0
Webb, lf.....	3	0	1	1	0	0
Bailey, cf.....	3	1	1	1	0	0
Lurton, c.....	3	0	0	8	0	0
Totals.....	33	1	7	24	6	0

Score by innings:

R.H.E.

Auburn	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	0
Mercer	0	0	1	0	0	2	3	0

Summary—Three-base hits, McEniry, Struck out, by Manyard 11; by Weems 7. Base on balls, off Manyard 1; off Weems 1. Hit by pitcher, Manyard, Conner, McEniry. Time of game 1:40. Umpire, Duplain. Attendance 2,500.

W. W. JOHNSTON.

BASKET BALL.

SENIORS WIN OUT.

The first game of the season, between the Seniors and Freshmen, Saturday evening, resulted in a victory for the Seniors by a score of 17 to 7. The game was rather slow and in a way uninteresting on account of the large

number of fouls made, which interrupted the playing to a great extent. Both teams, however, played well otherwise under the circumstances. The goal throwing from fouls was bad on both sides.

The following is the line up:

SENIORS.

McConnell, Right Forward.
Duffee, Left Forward.
Merkel, Center.
McAdory, Right Guard.
Bell, Left Guard.

FRESHMEN.

Lacey, Right Forward.
Wilkinson, Left Forward.
Streit, Centre.
Weber, Right Guard.
Hardie, Left Guard.

The next game, probably Saturday, promises to be more interesting—Juniors vs. Sophomores.

THE FIERCE BASE-BALL MEN FROM FLORIDA PAY US A VISIT.

Without over-taxing themselves to any great extent Auburn, on Monday, Apr. 4th, marked down 6 very pretty lines on the black-board to the 3 of the Florida State Univ. The game was chiefly characterized by squabbling—especially "Mr. Peetcher's" of the F. S. U. From "Mr. Peetcher's" air in stepping around he seems to have played for quite a while before; and his team certainly needed a "star" to give any light at all in the heavens. But altogether our team didn't do so very much better: Weems played pretty steady when he got in the box, Bailey's catch from center on the run was very good—also McEniry's general work at short-stop which is always out of the ordinary. Still the attendants were a little disappointed in the game as our boys have much better stuff in them than the F. S. U. was able to bring to the surface.

The Lady Life Loved.

I.

This is the garden; but never a bloom—
Violet—poppy, flame-red:
The stars are like wandering ghosts in the gloom:—
The Lady they loved—she is dead!
She drank the wild wine of the poppies full deep,
And the midnight mad mocking bird sang her to sleep.

II.

This is the portal: Start not at a sound—
'Tis the heart beating fast for Time fled.
No lips to be kissed now; no brow to be crowned:
The Lady Life loved—she is dead!
She passed from Fate's prison—its bolts and its bars,
And died with her beautiful face to the stars.

III.

And I seem like a child that has lost the home-way,
And the shadows are phantoms of dread,
And the wind, and the stars, and the flying clouds say:
"The Lady of Love—she is dead!"
And the ships hear the harbor-bells over the foam,
But my life has no light and my heart has no home.
—From Frank L. Stanton in "The Constitution."



LEMMERT BALTIMORE

We make a specially attractive and stylish garment for College MEN and as our garments are always tried on before finishing, we can always guarantee satisfaction.

Note. Our representative will be at the college with a large line of samples early this Spring.

Please hold your order for him.

Red and white,
Will treat you right;
Come and try,
Will surely buy.

Will You

We call your attention to the fact that we are still representing The Continental Tailoring Co., one of the best of Chicago. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

Books

The "Regal" Shoe gives both comfort and service.

Stationery

A full assortment of picture moulding just received, also a beautiful line of ready framed pictures.

? Give Us Your Order ?
Wright Bros.



Yes and we are justified in so doing. We are convinced by experience. The continued satisfaction

ALL AMERICA 3.50 Shoes

have given our trade enables us to say fearlessly that they are not excelled in style, fit or wear by any shoes at anything like the price. When shoeing again—just look. Then we have good honest shoes at lower prices. Shoes that are satisfying. Every good thing in shoes can be had here at lowest prices.

T. A. Flanagan, Auburn.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

The very nicest things in the way of table delicacies kept on hand all the time. I carry a full line of fruits and imported canned goods. New goods coming in every week. Fine lard and flour a specialty. Give me a trial.

W. C. Jackson

SOMETHING YOU WANT

If you want something nice to wear when you go calling on your best girl, you can get it from Kahn Bros. Let's have a fit; not fall in it, but be measured in it by the man from Kahn. He will be in Auburn April the 25th with a complete line of Spring and Summer samples. Two-piece suits \$14.00 and up. Spruce up and look handsome. Fit guaranteed. For further information call on

J. S. CHAMBERS

A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL

"Yes, the whole blame-business was cleared up today. Cleared up, sir, as clean as a New England kitchen. I lost out, and I am glad of it; couldn't possibly have won. Every bit of the evidence on both sides was against his acquittal and proved without question that he was the scoundrel and the only scoundrel in the affair. You should have seen Jayuson. Man, he almost went crazy, and I don't much blame him. Free from suspicion and once more an honest man in the eyes of the world. Now if Andrews could have just been here the whole thing would have ended a comedy, a second Merchant of Venice affair, and we would all live happy ever afterwards; but poor little Andrews' fate gives a tragic hue." He paused. No sound except the dull roar of the crowded street without. "Poor fellow, he died a fugitive and an innocent man, by George. Don't ask why he fled. The trial cleared that up. He didn't run at all. No sir. He was sent away by Dickson on business just before the secret was out. It aided the scoundrel in unloading guilt. Embezzlement! Fled—see? A forged letter to Andrews did the rest. And to think of it, there never was a better, more open fellow. You remember, Jack, he left home and began working for Dickson some four years before the thing happened, and that has been—let me see—six, seven years ago. It was the slickest affair I ever heard of, that business. The shock of it all caused his mother's death just after the secret was out, although that lie of Dickson's informed him of it before it occurred. She was an invalid, anyway.

"Well, it seems to me that I must take back my views on hell, Jack. Dickson should and will burn." He wheeled in his office chair. "6:10. Had best be ramsousing if I am to catch the suburban express. Wire me if anything turns up and look for me back tomorrow afternoon. Good-bye," and the door slammed.

Smedley was striding along in the moonlight. The night was unusually still and the air cold and smelling faintly of new mown hay.

Before him across a shimmering lawn loomed a house. It was stately and tall, its giant chimneys standing in bold relief against the western sky. Lights twinkled in the windows. Faintly, faintly, almost as the sigh of a phantom came music. He looked up as he walked. The

moon had flooded the heavens as well as the earth with its soft splendor. Smedley stopped and closed his eyes. "By the eternals, what a change from the ~~crowded~~ and pickering court-room." He stood thus until the music had ceased, and then walked on.

Three minutes later he was seated in the Brocton drawing room. Opposite to him sat Marcia, handsome, practical Marcia, and save for Soso, the curly little spaniel, they were alone.

"Really, John, how on earth did you happen to loom up here tonight? I know you didn't come all the way to Irvington to see me. Business I suppose, was it not? Don't laugh. You know I'm awfully glad to see you."

"It was business, Marcia, that is for tomorrow, and tonight I thought I'd drop in and see old friends, eh?"

"Couldn't have done better," she said with a toss of her head, "as Helen is not in town," and she broke into peals of laughter. "O John, I told you she was an arrant flirt, and to think that you were such a gump as to walk into her trap. Next time come to me for advice. If I am only a little girl in school I can tell you what to do."

Together they chatted as the minutes flew by, and the great oak logs crackled and burned with lurid blue flames and the moon shone calm and clear without.

"O, by the way, John," she said as Smedley's gaze rested on the open piano. "I have a new acquaintance, a German musician. He is a strange, quiet fellow, and may be here tonight, so you will have an opportunity, really great opportunity, of meeting him before he starts for his home in Germany tomorrow."

"What! do you call the chance of meeting a fool little effeminate music teacher and a foreigner to boot, do you, Marcia, actually call that an opportunity, a great opportunity?" For a second there was silence as he adjusted his glasses, a sardonic smile lighting up his face. "When he comes, Marcia, may Soso and I go for a walk until the good-byes and the parlez vous and the gesticulating, and the rest of his foreign, sickening Tommy rot is over? Oh! I've met those musical geniuses from abroad before this. Is he a deposed duke or prince or only the bosom friend of Paderewski? Ha, ha, his name is what? Possible Theodore Bertram Angelo Heinrich de Montmorency or—" he paused.

Marcia had half risen from her chair. Her face was flushed and her eyes shone and were fixed on him. "John, John, aren't you ashamed to ridicule a stranger in a foreign land, especially such an honest, good man as Prof. Krauss, who is my friend! You may depart when he arrives, if you wish. But let me tell you John Smedley," and her gaze became more piercing, "you will be the loser, not he."

The sardonic had passed from Smedley's countenance. He was smiling in a sheepish manner. "Now Marcia, don't take it so to heart. I was only half joking. Come, I'll bet you five pounds of Huylers against one pound of your fudge that he kisses your hand when he takes his leave, bows almost to the floor at least three times and knows Paderewski and Hoffman intimately. Now, Miss Marcia, will you take me up on that? Remember, if I win I am a loser for not going to walk with Soso. If you win, he is beyond my fondest expectations and I have gained something, very much, by having met him."

"Done," and her eyes laughed and sparkled. A foot-step sounded on the veranda.

"It's he," she said.

"Prof. Krauss," announced the maid. Smedley and Marcia were standing before the fire facing the doorway as the musician entered. He was a tall, muscular, well-built man. His face was bearded and his eyes deep-set and blue.

"My friend, Mr. Smedley, Prof. Krauss." Smedley's hand was grasped in a vice like grip. "Ah, Miss Brocton, it always gives me pleasure to meet your friends, and this last meeting I can assure you both will make my leaving all the harder. I must say good-bye and be off for—"

"No, no, no," and Marcia impulsively grasped him by the arm. "It would be absolute foolishness to run off in that manner. Why look at the clock. It's hardly decent roosting time for the chickens and you have had all day to prepare to leave. By the way, Prof. Krauss, I want you to play for Mr. Smedley's especial benefit that dear old composition which I think so beautiful. You know what I mean? Don't smile. I know its hackneyed, but play 'Alice.'"

Prof. Krauss stepped to the piano and delicately ran his fingers over the keys. A note or two was struck as if finding his way into that mystic world of harmony, and then as the moon

shone in cold splendor without and the embers blinked and glowed in the great open fire place the melody began. Low, and ~~and~~ ~~and~~ were the notes. In dreamy tenderness they came and went as some fond, far-away whisper of the past. The musician's face was upturned. His mind, his soul, his whole being seemed to mount up, up into the cold, sweet heavens, above and beyond the petty discords of the world. Smedley gazed for an instant at the spell-bound face, and then leaning far back against the cushioned lining of his chair he closed his eyes. More soothing sounded the notes of the refrain. A master hand had touched the keys. Smedley felt the power. What melody has not its vision? Marcia stood beside him. How bright and finely chisled was her face! He felt the magnetic warmth of her personality and, strange as moods, he loved her better than all else on earth. But, he caught his breath, there stood Helen as he had last seen her. He murmured the name, and he felt the power of disappointment after years of blind adoration. She was looking up into his face, her eyes big with wonder and a strange light. He started, could it be—God, and then with harmony blending into harmony, low and sweet and gurgling as a summer stream the melody ceased.

For a full minute naught was heard save the ticking of the clock. Smedley opened his eyes. Marcia was gazing into the blinking embers and Prof. Krauss with an abstract stare was looking out into the night. Marcia first broke the silence. "I will never forget," she said, "never forget listening once before to that dear old melody—a long, long time ago. I was a little girl then in short dresses with a ridiculous pig tail and a freckled face. It was during the time of the Apollo dancing club. You recall do you not, John? You were not a member for you were a big boy. Well the club met at our house for the purpose of choosing partners for the coming dance, 'the ball' we called it. The club was composed of little boys and naturally there was much speculation and excitement among us little girls as to who would choose whom.

"I remember Jennie Harris was spending the day with me and she spied on the meeting and found out many wonderful things, among which was that Maxwell Andrews was to ask me to be his partner. Of course,

you remember how timid Maxwell was, John? Poor dear boy and his mother—well, for the next week I was all excitement, expecting every minute for Maxwell to ask me. That was his first attempt and he was awfully bashful. Days slipped by. The girls were all talking of their beaux, and I had none. I was mortified and in terror that Jennie had been mistaken and that I would not have a beau after all. And so things went on until the night before. I will never forget. It was in this very room, at this very table that I sat in tears over 'rithmetic and thoughts of my beausless plight for the morrow. Then someone knocked in a timid manner at the door. I know my little pig tail stuck straight out in anger at this intrusion on my weeping condition. So I looked stolidly on my slate and bawled, "Come in." It was Maxwell. He stood at the door in a bewildered manner. "Er, er are you going ter, ter th' ball, Marcia," he stammered. "No," I almost wept out. "Why," he ventured after a long pause. "Just 'cause," I said, hiding my eyes in my hands. "Cause what," came his inquiry in a more pronouncing tone. "Cause I haven't got nobody to take me." And then I began to sob. I felt an arm about me. It was Maxwell. His bashfulness had vanished. "I'll take you," he said. "I came to ask you. Will you go with me?" I nodded my head. He bent down and whispered in my ear, "Marcia will you be my sweet-heart, er, I like you more than all the other girls, Marcia." I sobbingly answered "Yes," and then as we stood there hand in hand music floated to us, soft and distant but sweet, oh, so sweet! It was only a traveling street musician who played but the tune was 'Alice.' I can hear it now, Prof. Krauss, just as you played it then, and Maxwell stood beside me and together we dreamed and listened." She paused. The musician's eyes were staring vacantly at the floor, his head was drooping far forward, his chin resting on his breast, his muscular hands tight knit as if suppressing some great emotion. She glanced toward Smedley. He was gazing at her as if entranced and as she looked he passed his hands over his eyes. "Poor little Maxwell. His mother died of disappointment and a broken heart." The girl leaned far back in the shadow to hide the tears.

Smedley roused himself. By the eternals, he would not cry like a ninny, and as certain as

der if he sat quiet much
er he would, just out of sym-
y. "I have some good
concerning Andrews, that
concerning his memory, Mar-
Today in court he was
innocent and the culprit
fessed to the crime."
Prof. Krauss sprang to his
"What, what was that?
Andrews proven innocent?"
es," answered Smedley.
ed be praised," and he stag-
ed—"but so late, so late.
en years ago she died, asham-
of her boy, crushed by the ut-
failure of her life work. God
could have known, could have
own." He turned and faced
se watching him. "Don't
know me John, Marcia?"
straightened up. "See," he
d, "father's signet ring." No
of was needed now. In spite
heard and increased size and
ers there stood Maxwell An-
ews, and Smedley could have
ked himself for not knowing it
fore. How plain are puzzles
er they have been explained!
obably the joy that lighted up
face brought back the little
xwell of boyhood days.
The telephone rang. "Prof.
krauss is wanted at the phone,"
nounced the maid. "He is not
re," laughed Smedley. "He
not here," echoed Marcia; but
rof. Krauss was striding to-
ard the astonished maid.
A moment passed and he was
ck. His face was beaming as
grasped the hand of both
arcia and Smedley.
"Dear friends," he said, "I
happy" and he paused. "A
ee man, an outcast returned
mong friends and" his voice
thickened with emotion as he ad-
ed passionately: "one of Gods
gels for a wife. John you and
arcia must know before all oth-
s the rest of my good fortune.
elen has consented to be my
ife. Will you be best man
ohn?"
Smedley stared. "Well," he
sped out at length. "Well I'll
d—durned." For a second
ere was dead silence save the
hythmic stroke of the clock.
hen, O strong is fate, came
usic made mellow by its faint-
ess. All three instinctively
aned forward to catch the air.
t was "The Banks of Fair Dun-
ee." The moon was visible
rough the window before them
he evening star had sunk to
rest, and as the far-away music
eased, as if sounding taps to the
hole episode a mocking bird
rilled one lone note, and all was
ilent save the tick-tock, tick-tock
of the great clock in the corner.
* * *
A clipping from the Irvington
ews for the 15th of the follow-
ng July read thus: Miss Mar-
ia Vere Brocton and Mr. John
medley, whose wedding every-
one remembers last Wednesday,
will visit on their European tour

another young couple from Ir-
vington, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews,
now of Berlin, who in turn were
married here last March.
[Editor's Note.—We told the author
of the preceding story that we would
not tell who wrote it. We wouldn't
for anything in the world: we like Mr.
W. Watson Davis too much to ever tell
a soul that he wrote it. Still, though
we are not going to tell on him, we
cannot see why he does not want it
known that he is a contributor to these
honorable columns when he writes
stuff for the *petty* columns of such *little*
papers as The Cosmopolitan, etc. Just
think what little attention his articles
in those trifling magazines command
as compared with the fore-going story.
Why, if no one reads it but *you, dear*
reader, *kind* reader, *considerate* read-
er, it was well worth the trouble—now
are you not proud of yourself?]

MR. BASMAJIAN'S LECTURE.
(Continued from 1st Page.)
young gentlemen of the audience,
stood them together—one for the
groom and one for the bride,
and as part of the ceremony
made them butt heads—as if two
billy goats were being wedded.
He forcibly impressed the orient-
al method of compelling a young
man to marry the choice of his
parents, and to patiently await
his chronological turn in the
nuptial arrangements. Mr. Bas-
majian had a varied assortment
of oriental costumes together
with many useful Armenian
house-hold articles. He also had
several oriental musical instru-
ments—one patterned after a
small instrument resurrected
from the ruins of Babylon. With
those and a few vocal renditions
Mr. Basmajian showed that he
was a musician as well as a lec-
turer.
Perhaps the most delightful
parts of the program were the
violin solos given by Miss Bas-
majian; or at least from the en-
cores she received they seemed
most highly appreciated. To all
lovers of music her delicate but
strong touch shows that she is a
master, or rather a mistress, of
the violin. She was accompanied
by Miss Mary Drake on the pi-
ano; and this combination of home
and Armenian talent furnished
an enjoyable evening for those
who can appreciate good music.
Altogether Mr. Basmajian and
his exquisite troupe of one would
again be heartily welcomed by
an Auburn audience—even
though the admission fee took a
little more substantial shape than
it did Friday night.

A MODERN ROMANCE.
He—?
She—!
He—?—?—?
She (turning her lovely pro-
file)
He (persistently)—!!???
She (tearfully)—??
He passionately—!!!!!!
She (blushingly)—.....
He (rapturously)—!—2!!!
—Town Topics.

THE "DEESTRICK SKULE."
(Continued from 1st Page.)
erstwhile scholars. "Moike"
couldn't count but fourteen in
the class: he probably rated a
good many of the scholars at
their true value, the girls about
a strength apiece. A more
realistic country school-teacher
than "Dooly" Ransom could not
have been found. He is a fine
mimic and took off the dignified
attitude of the "deestrick skule"
master to perfection. A slight
drawl and a certain appearance
of composure did the work.
"Moike," "George," "Jimmie"
and "Phil" would have been a
credit to any school; and all the
other "boys" and "girls" in it
should be given a good report by
the school-committee.
The school auditorium was
packed to its limit, and despite
the rain the financial part of the
program was a success. The
President of the Admiral
Semmes chapter U. D. C. is to
be congratulated on the general
excellence of the entertainment
given under the active direction
of Miss Battaile.
"IF I WERE THE DEVIL."
Edwin Southers rendered "If
I Were The Devil" in the school
auditorium Monday night, April
the 4th, for the benefit of the
Athletic Association. The house
was packed—with air: the seats
were full—of nothing; and Mr.
Southers' lecture was made to a
very exclusive audience. If we
were inclined to the use of ex-
plosives we would say that "If I
Were The Devil"—that there
would most assuredly be some
pretty hot times. Mr. Southers
was attired in a red something—
presumably to impress his audi-
ence with the seriousness of the
situation. If old Nick himself
looks any more like Satan than
Mr. Southers, he certainly has to
get up early in the morning and
dress before the stoves are heated
and the sinners calling for break-
fast.
From the list of vices cata-
logued by Mr. Southers he seems
to have been treated rather rough-
ly in this world: people must have
been especially uncharitable to
him from the *nice* things he com-
pared an uncharitable man to.
If you had time to catch your
breath during Mr. Southers' lec-
ture you surely had to stick your
head out the window while the
train was moving: there were no
stations, no stops, and very high-
ly-colored, intrusive scenery.
Still the sentiment in his lecture
was very pretty at times, not-
withstanding its rough expres-
sion. He made some rather fun-
ny hits too; and we think that if
Mr. Southers were in reality the
devil we would be a little back-
ward about "shuffling off" quite
yet. The admission fee was
thirty-five cents; and the Athletic
Association no doubt realized
enough to get Bob a drink, or per-
haps two or three.

"On the Square"

Of Interest to All You

There's no trick in fine clothes, but there's art in represent the finest houses in this country, people who "College Men" clothes. They pay designers enormous creations with artistic merit. It's the kind of clothes that the send-away-tailor; besides it's far superior in workman Wait, for our representative will be with you. Ask Ed Bragg, he is our a

them. We
specialty of
to execute
be had of
of Janu-

CAPITOL CLOTHING

S. GASSENHEIMER & CO.
Montgomery, Ala.

LAZARUS & TOOMER

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AND DEALERS IN PATENT MEDICINES AND DRUG-
GISTS' SUNDRIES, DRUGGISTS' FANCY AND TOILET
ARTICLES, HAIR, TOOTH AND PAINT BRUSHES

Prescriptions Filled by us Contain Only the Purest Ingre-
dients and are Compounded by Skilled Pharmacists

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OPELIKA, ALABAMA
Deales in Jewelry, Watches, Etc.

A full line of Cuff and Collar Buttons, Stick Pins, and everything in a
first-class Jewelry House. Fine watch repairing a specialty. Any design of
pins or badges made to order.

DR. O. M. STEADHAM,

PHYSICIAN

And Dealer in Drugs, Toilet Articles and All Kinds of
Cold Drinks

R. W. BURTON,

Bookseller and
Stationer x x
Auburn, Alabama.

THIRTY-SECOND YEAR IN THE BUSINESS

I have made an import order for drawing instruments espe-
cially adapted to the needs of Freshmen when they take
Mechanical drawing. These instruments will be ample for
all college work, and yet very low priced. No one can
compete with me in these goods.

SEE MY HOLIDAY GOODS IN SEASON

Alabama Polytechnic Institute

AUBURN, ALA.

CHAS. C. THACH, M. A., President.

Location high and healthful; 826 feet above sea level.
Over 450 students enrolled this session. Corps of instructors
numbers thirty-seven.

Seven degree courses are offered: (1) General, or Literary,
Course. (2) Course in Civil Engineering. (3) Course in Chemistry
and Metallurgy. (4) Course in Mining Engineering. (5) Course in
Chemistry and Agriculture. (6) Course in Electrical and Mechan-
ical Engineering. (7) Course in Pharmacy.

LABORATORY INSTRUCTION.—Laboratory instruction and practical
work are given in the following departments: (1) Chemistry, (2) En-
gineering, field work, surveying, etc., (3) Agriculture, (4) Botany,
(5) Mineralogy, (6) Mechanical Drawing, (7) Mechanic Arts, (8) Me-
chanical Engineering, (9) Electrical Engineering, (10) Physics,
(11) Veterinary Science, (12) Pharmacy, (13) Biology, (14) Horticul-
ture.

EXPENSES.—Students from Alabama pay no tuition. Incidental
fee per session, \$5.00; library fee, \$2.00; surgeon's fee, \$5.00; board
per month, \$9.50 to \$15.00.

The college has no barracks or dormitories, and the students
board in private homes, and thus enjoy all the protecting and bene-
ficial influences of the family circle.

AUBURN SUCCESS STORIES

NUMBER 1.

A RISING ALUMNUS.

Champe S. Andrews, Class '94, is making a reputation for himself in the city of New York. Though a resident of that city for only six years, he has twice been a nominee for the State Legislature, and is prominent in the Democratic councils of the City and State. He is a member of all the principal clubs, and a leading spirit in all of them. At Auburn he took first rank in every department, and his friends predicted for him a brilliant future which has been more than realizing. He possesses a pleasant and engaging address, and is an able and convincing orator.

We quote some of his recent utterances before political and social organizations in New York:

From the New York Sun of Feb. 16th:

Last night's banquet to Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks was turned for part of its duration into a meeting of mourning for Senator Marcus A. Hanna, who was an Elk. News of Senator Hanna's death arrived soon after the dinner began.

Mr. Fanning wrote out a telegram and gave it to Gen. David B. Henderson, former Speaker of the House of Representatives, to read to the Elks assembled.

Mrs. M. A. Hanna,

Washington, D. C.

We, the Elks of the United States, here assembled, have hoped and watched and prayed that the Senator would live with us and for us. We have heard tonight of his passing from us and write in our profound sorrow to send you our united and deep sympathy.

JOSEPH T. FANNING,
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Mr. Fanning asked that those who desired that the telegram be sent should rise and stand in silent respect for Senator Hanna's memory. Every man in the room rose. Never has the great ballroom been so nearly silent when there were men in it, and there were 400 Elks and their guests there last night.

The first speaker of the night was Champe S. Andrews, the Grand Ruler of New York Lodge 1, which was the host of last night's banquet to Mr. Fanning. Mr. Andrews spoke on "The City of New York. He said in part:

However interesting it might be to analyze the glory of New York city from different viewpoints, let us apply to it tonight

only the philosophy of the Elks. New York is great. But she is not necessarily great because her history begins with the history of civilization in the Western hemisphere—for old age has not always had honor for her handmaiden. She lays claim to our affection, not because of her wealth; because great riches and truth are as often enemies as they are friends. She commands your admiration, not because of her resources and strength; for might and right have not always dwelt in harmony together.

No. By reason of none of these things, my brother Elks, could she justify her title as the first city of the Republic. But I state that which is more than a provincial boast when I say that she is worthy of your affection because her greatness is greatness achieved through the consistent practice of those commendable virtues, charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity.

At this point Mr. Andrews' audience, which had in it a heavy proportion of New Yorkers who had heard their city abused so often that his sentiments struck them with an entirely new force, got away from the speaker altogether. The diners rose up and cheered and cheered again. They shouted and howled and waved their napkins and refused to be quiet until they had given three cheers for Mr. Andrews.

The speaker went on and elaborated the points of resemblance between New York as a community and a lodge of Elks. It was a fair city, he said, where every man had a fair chance in the long run. He recalled the fact that a Brother Elk, Fire Chief Edward F. Croker, had recently come into his own again by the instrumentality of the courts and the voice of the people who said that an administration of such a spirit as that which put him out should be replaced.

He spoke of the charity of the city for its own and for outside sufferers, always practical and substantial, never wordy and empty; he talked, too, of the fun loving, good humored spirit of New York crowds and the faithful purpose of New York's public servants, whether professional reformers or simply elected and appointed officers to administer the city's affairs for the good of the whole community.

Henry B. Melvin, Judge of the Supreme Court of California, kept the Elks cheering and roaring by turns. He nominated Mr. Andrews for President of the United States, waiving pub-

licly the slight circumstance that he was himself a California Republican of the most golden hue and that Mr. Andrews was a Tammany Democrat.

From the New York World, Feb. 25th.

With the sanction of Charles F. Murphy, the tammany organization of the "Diamond Back" district took the lead last night in launching the candidacy of Grover Cleveland for the Democratic nomination for President.

Champe S. Andrews aroused the greatest enthusiasm of the evening in his strong demand for Mr. Cleveland's nomination.

"We have been too long wedded to dead issues," he said. The Democratic party has too long been a party of obstruction. The Kansas City and the Chicago platforms gave us not one single positive issue not one single positive constructive programme. We want a platform that declares for something that is to be done, not a platform that merely criticises and opposes. There are more young voters in the Democratic party now than in its history. The young blood calls for a programme of action, not one of obstruction.

The Democratic party now needs, as it never needed before, some man with force and character to rise up and lead us. We have the voters, we have the ammunition—we want the man. I know it is a popular thing at Albany and elsewhere for after-dinner speakers to nominate candidates for President. It is not at dinners that our next candidate will be named. He will not be named by a newspaper or a chain of newspapers. It is in the affections of the people. I have said that we have the tariff question, and we have still a man among us, thank God, the man who led us twice to victory on that issue, Grover Cleveland.

"Mr. Cleveland is now living in dignified retirement, the beloved of his fellow citizens. He has said that he would not accept a nomination for the Presidency, but there is no man in this country, not even if he has the strong will of Grover Cleveland, who can refuse the demand of his countrymen and decline to carry the standard of leadership when the nomination of his party for that high office is tendered to him."

All of the other speakers referred in similar terms to Mr. Cleveland and provoked the greatest enthusiasm. Dr. H. A.

C. Anderson the German leader, said:

Mr. Cleveland can certainly carry New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, and will have a better chance than any other we might name in the doubtful States of Indiana and Illinois. He is the man to lead us."

Maurice B. Blumenthal, former Deputy-Attorney-General said that in the past year the Democratic party had set about rectifying the mistakes of the past, and was now determined to regain the power and prestige it possessed. He said that the party was in line for a return to those sound beliefs.

SOMETHING FOR THE LATIN SCHOLAR.

A cat sedebat on our fence

As laeta as could be;

Her vox surgebat to the skies,

Canebat merrily.

My clamor was of no avail,

Tho' clare did I cry,

Conspexit me with mild reproof,

And winked her alter eye.

Quite vainly jeci boots, a lamp,

Some bottles and a book;

Ergo, I seized my pistol, et

My aim cum cura took.

I had six shots, dixi "Ye gods,

May I that felis kill;"

Quamquam I took six of her lives,

The other three sang still.

The felis sang with major vim,

Tho' man's aim was true;

Conatus sum, putare quid

In tonitru I'd do.

A scheme advenit to my head,

Scivi, 'twould make her wince—

I sang! Et then the hostis fled.

Non eam vidi since.

—Wooster Voice.

Teacher—"Willie, state this sentence in other words, "the goat butted the boy out of the window."

Willie—"He hurled the previous end of his anatomy against the boy with an eagerness and velocity which, backed by the goat's avordupois was not relaxed until the instigation of the vehement exasperation was landed on terra firma outside the goat's jurisdiction."—Ex.

It is said there's a balm for a lover crossed,

Or a candidate defeated,

But the only balm for a ballgame lost,

Is to swear the referee cheated.

Ex.

"What did the parrot say to you Willie?"

"I don't know, ma, but pa says tha same thing when he plays golf."—Columbia Jester.

"The stingiest man I ever knowed Wuz named Augustus Howell; He let his hair grow nine feet long, Then used it for a towel."—Ex.

ALUMNI NOTES.

File H. Turner, 1903, is the Southern Bell Telephone in Atlanta.

er of the Domestic Drug Co. Montgomery.

J. B. Shivers, 1898, is Jacob's Pharmacy in Montgomery.

W. M. Williams, 1896, is practicing law in New York City.

M. L. Brown, 1903, is in testing department of the General Electrical Co., at Schenectady, N. Y.

H. P. Powell, 1900, is working with the General Electric Co. Atlanta.

L. Sternfeld, 1901, is city editor of the Montgomery Journal.

F. C. Atkinson, 1902, is a chemist in a phosphate establishment at Savannah, Ga.

J. T. Letcher, 1901, is practicing law in Montgomery.

A. F. Jackson, 1901, is secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Blacksburg, Va.

D. T. Herndon, 1902, is teaching physics and mathematics at the Mobile High School.

C. H. Billingsley, 1902, occupies the chair of sciences in district agricultural school at Wetumpka.

W. B. Hamilton, 1902, is a draughtsman in Birmingham.

H. Y. Hall, 1900, is with the Manhattan Electric Railway in New York City.

C. W. Collins, 1899, is an attorney-at-law in Birmingham.

H. S. Houghton, 1898, is a member of the legal profession at Hayneville, Ala.

J. B. Hobdy, 1897, is president of the district agricultural school at Albertville.

M. S. Sloan, formerly assistant here in electrical engineering, is with the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y.

J. F. Webb, 1893, moved from Talladega to Birmingham a year ago and enjoys a very lucrative law practice in Alabama's Magic City.

J. O. Webb, 1902, is an instructor in the Classical High School of Pensacola, Florida.

Miss Sallie Fleming Ordway, 1903, is teaching in Washington Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

J. W. King, 1898, is associated professor of English at Louisiana State University.

Roland B. Hall, 1900, is a consulting engineer in New York City.

H. H. Smith, 1895, is at the head of an electrical supply house in Toronto, Canada.

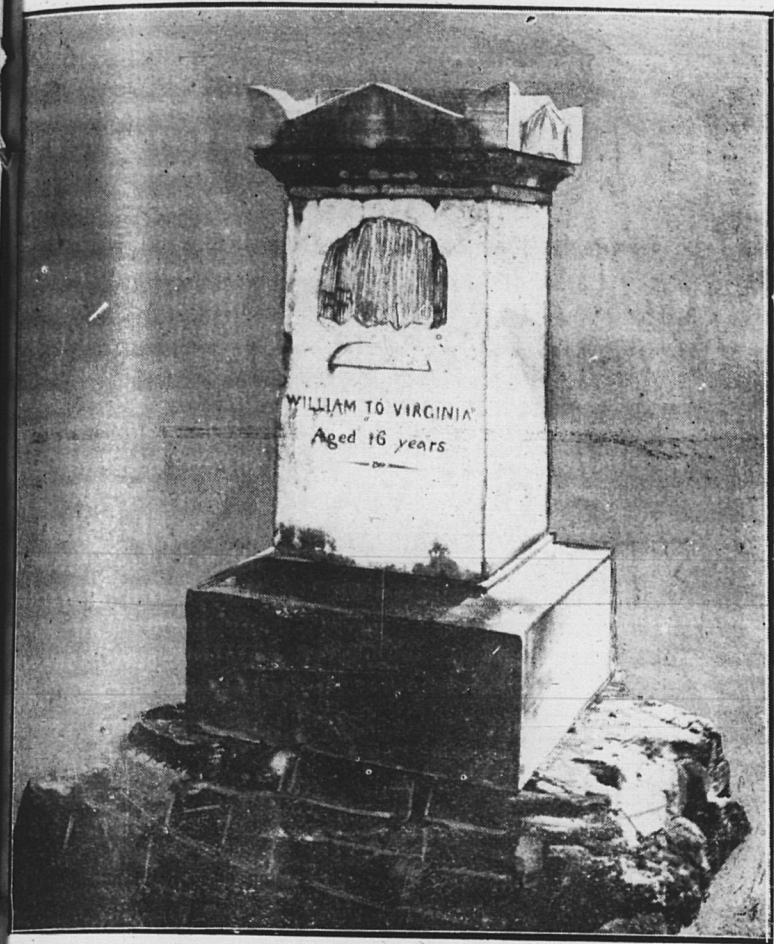
A. S. Moses, 1898, is engaged in the pottery industry at Fairfield, Alabama.

"Say, Alice's a bird."

"She's an angel!"

"Well, isn't an angel a bird paradise?"—Columbia Jester.

VIRGINIA: AN INDIAN MAID



Just beyond one of the gates leading to the Auburn cemetery there is a tomb-stone with the simple inscription, "William to Virginia, Age 16." There is a bit of verse on the other side such as hardly ever relieves the burden of those who are so dear to each other in life's embrace that they cling to each other at the parting, even though the soul of the one cannot hear the whispered entreaty of the other to tarry awhile—the gentle, clinging Larry awhile, sweet-heart." There is nothing to mark the grave but this tomb-stone; yes, the leaves are there, brown and warm in autumn, so cold and bare in winter, but in spring the incarnation of youth, so fresh and green—would that the dead might live again.

On first seeing this grave and feeling the tenderness in the few words inscribed on the tomb, the writer asked himself "Who was this Virginia? Who was her lover?—for surely only a lover could have put as much in as little." There was no one there to answer him; and immediately the imagination began to play on what might have been. Of all the wild images that one stuck: perhaps Virginia was the daughter of the woods—perhaps she was an Indian. It was the most fanciful of them all; for why the name Virginia, a name given to the daughters of the white people, if she was an Indian girl?

Since then, since I gave my imagination full sway, I have found the true history of the tomb-stone. The William inscribed on it was a poet many years ago—the Virginia was his bride till a sterner husband claimed her for his own when she was just sixteen. She was not an Indian as I had imagined; but to show what tricks the imagination plays you at times I have set down the images my fancy fondly weaved around the tomb-stone when there was no one with me to tell me better.

PART I.

I was hunting that day in December. I forget now what the game was that sought diversion by tempting my old breech-loader and nervous finger; but at any rate I finally landed my ship of deprecation on a cleared piece of ground. To the best of my judgment I was many miles from Auburn—but where, and just how I got there, I was in no better position to tell than was the

buck rabbit that scampered over a bump in the ground just in front of me and remorselessly wasted a shell for me. After I recovered from my surprise at my good shot—I tore up the ground within at least three feet of that rabbit—perhaps I came closer than that—the first thing I caught sight of was a cabin on the opposite side of the cleared space. It could hardly have been called a hut, though it was rather small all by itself there in the big woods. I at once proceeded to investigate the premises, for if there is one thing I love to run across on a long jog next to a fellow creature it is where a fellow creature has been—some place that smells human, or at least looks so. After a few tactical maneuvers I began to reconnoiter the cabin, though I knew full well it was uninhabited from the air of unbroken quiet that seemed to have been there for a long while. Finally I pushed open the door; the only fastening was a chain running through an auger-hole in the door and looping over one of the logs that composed the body of the cabin. A sort of shiver passed over me as I entered the cabin—probably due to the chill dampness of the unsunned interior. The cabin had no flooring; only a few half-rotten boards in one corner and some loose straw piled in another. There was an old chimney of clay interstuck with pieces of wood at one end of the cabin; and some brick blackened by fire for a hearth was all there was to this desolate home of man. No, there was an old hide-bottomed chair in the center of the room with the hair well-worn off the hide and the hide well-worn off the chair.

Now I was always a little curious about places which others would pass with a high head; and a strong predilection for knowing what's what has often prompted me to look under the

bushes and behind the trees. The only thing that held my eye in the meagre outfit of the cabin was one hearth-brick around which the mortar seemed to have been loosened the least perceptible bit. Although I haven't a very delicate sense of detection, still I was not the least backward in prying that brick up from its fellows on the hearth. I caught my breath with a little gasp of surprise, for I had not expected so prompt a reward for my curiosity. There was a small box half-buried in the dirt beneath the brick which I had removed. Had it contained money it might have been called a miser's strong box—or jewels, a casket, but it was nothing like that. It was only a settler's tobacco box: its wood was of such durability that it had sustained the joint attack of time and bugs. Inside were a few trinkets, some Indian wampum, and a necklace of glass beads; also a paper, yellow in spots, whether by time or the dampness of the surrounding earth I could not tell. Now to the purpose of my words: on the paper in the characters of a woods-man were scrawled a few short sentences that looked as if they might have been a dying, or at least a very sick man's behest. The substance was as follows—though I will not attempt to be too explicit in the wording and the spelling because of a weak memory:

"Tew James Killarney. Deer Jim: By ther time this is in yore hands i wil hev bin a-hunting in ther Happie Hunting grounds. Do yew remember ther little injun gal i uster tell yew bout?—she thet wuz my wife. Well, Jim, youve bin er bruther tew me sence ther time i cum ercross yew nie ded up on Moose crick. all thet Verginny hed is yors—fer keeps. all ther little tricks are yors—ther beads are yors ter remember me and Verginny by. and Jim bury me by her side tother side ther ridge". There was a splotch here—what would you call it?—not a tear-stain: probably his pen had only failed him or his candle flickered—then followed the rest. "i knowse yew wil find this. yew knowse whair our hiding hole is—ther forth brick yew wil find it.

"Good-by an may God bles yew, frend. Willum."

Whether his friend ever came back is not known: certainly he did not look in their mutual hiding place, or he would have found the note. There are so many things that may befall a trader during a hard winter, and James Killarney probably never again saw his fellow-trader.

PART II.

Pride-Of-My-Heart sighed: then she tossed her head haughtily as an Indian maid should and stood erect before her father.

"Did you speak with the Pale-face down by the quick waters today, Pride-Of-My-Heart?"

The father spoke sternly as the father of his daughter should.

Pride-Of-My-Heart bowed her head in token of admission. "He was tall, and so fair, father; and asked the way to the English camp."

"They are all fair—with their baby-skins and white faces. See that you never speak to one again except at your father's bidding. Do you hear, Pride-Of-My-Heart?"

The maiden's eyes caught fire half-angrily for a moment: then the fire was all gone and she flung her young body at the feet of the old chief, her father.

"Hush, child, hush! I had not meant to wound thee. Listen!—do you not hear the soft acquiescence of the young brook to the gentle admonishing of the old one as the two tread lightly the big white rocks? Listen, child!" The old chief stroked the young head tenderly, catching the black strands up in his brown palm.

But he continued: "Did you hear, little one? Never speak to one of the white devils again: though there is peace between us, they are your father's enemies."

It was down by the sweet-watered spring that he caught sight of her. She was humming an old Indian war-song, and gazing listlessly at the "talking waters" as she would have called them. She had a rather light complexion for an Indian maid; but dark-brown velvet underlined her eyes, and those eyes were deeper and softer than any dream they ever fondly imaged. He thought he had never seen anyone quite so lovely, and he had traveled far beyond the pale blue mountains. He drew near where she was sitting: he threw back his broad hunter's shoulders, and caught a deep breath. "Princess!" he said with his English lips in the Indian tongue.

She did not turn her head, but kept on humming as before.

He drew nearer. "Little Indian maid—sweetheart—what is your name?" he questioned.

She ceased her humming and drooped her eyes; but did not answer.

He laid his hand easily on hers. "Tell me, little girl?" She was not so very little; and her bosom heaved, for she was an Indian princess.

She slowly shook her head. "I may not speak with thee," she said hotly in a low tone.

"Why not? Am I a wolf of the woods to be feared? What is the matter, little one?"

"You are my father's enemy, and—and I may not speak with thee," she repeated.

"Why, how's that? We smoked the pipe of peace but six months ago in the Great Chief Notasulga's wigwam."

"I know—I know," she answered in jerks: then pointing to the forest path that was woven like a thread of silver through

the cloth before them, "But go!"

He did not answer her at first. It was not the custom of the white man to thus pliantly yield to the commands of a girl, and an Indian girl at that. He bent close over her lowered head. "Is this your will, or your father's—that I go?" he asked slowly. "Is this your will?" he repeated: his question was that of a dominant race to the yielding.

"No, no!" she cried, starting up like a quarry at bay, with heaving bosom and eyes that were burning in their tenderness, "No!"

"Well, then—shall I go?" She did not reply; and he advanced towards her, took both her hands in his, pressed his lips to her hot forehead, then to her trembling lips.

"Now," he said, "what about your father?" The girl's eyes were full of anguish and he might have spared her the question. "Little maid"—his voice was very low, very tender—from now on you are my wife—my true wife. Do you understand? All the priests between here and the Canadas could not make us more truly husband and wife than the unspoken vow we have plighted and the seal of love you have given me. Sweetheart, do you understand?"

Whether she understood or not she gave no protest to what he said; but stood trembling like the Autumn leaf she was.

"Now tell me your name," the trader urged.

"Pride-Of-My-Heart, they call me," she answered passively.

"Yes, that's the Indian way; but listen, little maid: beyond the big forest here—nay, even beyond its brothers and sisters to the north and east there is a land fair as the land of the gods—that is the land of my nativity, my Virginia. How would you like to be called by that name—called Virginia—and discard the name the red man gave you?"

Would she like it? Well, she would not say. Pride-Of-My-Heart is a very pretty name in the Indian tongue; but the Englishman was big and strong and fair to look upon. Then too, she was his wife; for had he not said so?

She drew her shoulders closer with a little shiver: then she laughed a bitter laugh that was cold even to the hardest of the chiefs gathered in a circle around the fire. She stood waiting for her father's verdict.

"You have disobeyed my command, have you not, Pride-Of-My-Heart?" he began in a voice in which sorrow mingled with anger.

"I have," she answered quickly—then penitently—"But father—"

"That will do. I know what you would say. He was such a lover, was this pale-face: he was so very kind, so very tender, that you must needs speak with him

Continued on 8th Page.

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FRATERNITIES.

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

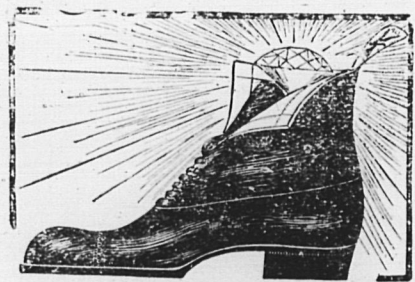
Presbyterian Church—Services second Sunday in each month, morning and evening. Rev. E. P. Davis, D. D., pastor. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. every Sunday. Dr. C. A. Cary, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South—E. A. Dannelly, pastor; C. C. Thatch, Sunday School Superintendent. Preaching services each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Devotional Meeting of Epworth League, Sunday 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Auburn Baptist Church—A. Y. Napier, pastor; Prof. J. F. Duggar, Sunday School Superintendent. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Divine Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young Peoples' Union, 4:10 p. m. Prayer Meeting, 4 p. m. Wednesday afternoon.

Protestant Episcopal Holy Innocents Chapel—Rev. R. C. Jeter, priest in charge. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Holy Communion, 7:15 a. m. every Sunday except the first Sunday in each month. Evening prayer, every Friday at 4:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m., S. L. Toomer, Superintendent.

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We have been promising our readers a "literary issue" for a good while; and now they have it. We can hear you smile; don't do that—it shows bad taste, or rather bad teeth. You couldn't find a better picture of the Old Hotel than ours: if you can, you are that much better off. As for the poetry—let that pass: we can't write poetry and lead a strenuous newspaper life at the same time, but there are some who just must be convinced that Tennyson's sad, sweet strains, Burns' spontaneity, and Poe's music all culminate in the pen of one of the present generation. That's right, wipe your tears away:

it is a sad thought that the wielder of such a pen has received no more recognition than he has. But that will be all right: he is no doubt very fortunate not to have been locked up for the perpetration of such a hem!—is he around? Then there's the Editorial page: looks as if there had been some work done on it, and we are very sure there was; but who in the world would ever read the Ed. page when there were any advertisements to look at? "A Wheel Within a Wheel:" has a very fast sound anyway—that is, if the wheels move. To tell the truth we think this is the best part of our issue, and it is the part with which we have had the least to do. Then there's "Virginia: An Indian Girl:" it would be all right if it had a different plot, different characters, was treated in a different style, and was cut down to one-half its present length and that remaining half unintentionally left out. But the writer no doubt meant well, and as we have to thank him for a good deal will say no more about what he probably did his best on.

We are sending this issue to every man in college. Our Bus. Manager will be around in a few days, and if there is any man who gets a copy and isn't able to give him a dollar for his subscription we will do like the preachers sometimes say they will do—we will give that man a dollar. But unlike our clerical brethren we will hop on the man that is mean enough to take our dollar and beat the living—well, he will do well to be living when we get through with him.

THE EDITORS.

VIRGINIA: AN INDIAN MAID

Continued From 7th Page.

Convincing one word, one little word. Is that what you would say?"

The maiden's cheek flushed under her father's irony, and her eyes which at first were wet burned till they dried up the tears. "No," she replied: "I would not say that—I would not say anything. I would not even answer anyone who accused me of being guilty of wrong—not even my father."

The old chief threw his blanket from his shoulders to the ground, and his eyes glittered ominously. Pointing to the darkness which enveloped the circle of light he said in a voice harsh with emotion: "Go, rash maiden! You are no more your father's daughter. You are no more 'Pride-of-My-Heart-go!'" "No," Pride-Of-My-Heart answered: "I am Virginia."

The winter following Virginia's banishment from the wigwam of her father was very cold for a southern winter. She stood the first part very well—she and he together, for they had met on her exit from the Indian camp; but the last part was severe and taxed her sadly. Though an Indian camp life was not a luxurious one, still for the daughter of the chief it was usually one of comfort; and the change from the blankets of her father's wigwam to the hard life of the trader was a change that only love would have sanctioned. He did all in his power to save her: he nursed her till he became gaunt with fatigue and anxiety. But finally the cold in her chest became too much for her; and she gave way despite all his efforts.

He buried her across the ridge from one of his winter camps. He continued to hunt and trade as before; but there was something gone out of his life even though it had lasted but a little while during the continuance of his Virginia as his wife. After a long while he took the savings which he had accumulated with the toil of years and went to one of the small towns which grew up with the advance of the eastern civilization. There he placed his all in a head-stone, a dedication to love and a remembrance to his sixteen year old Indian bride: on it was inscribed, "William To Virginia, Age 16."

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